

THE ARGUS.

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Tuesday, June 29, 1915.

The \$4,000,000 Huerta is reported to have carried away from Mexico when he fled to save his neck must be dwindling.

We may expect the summer lecture season to develop a rivalry between the exhibitors of war pictures and the eloquent advocates of peace.

The remarkable feature of the first race on Chicago's new speedway is that it has been declared a success despite the fact that it was not attended by the usual throng.

Pennsylvania officers are engaged in the task of naming the "leading living citizens of the state." Not noticing the name of Bill Flinn in the list, it is assumed he is considered one of the dead ones.

We read that four legs are used as additional wheels to carry up Kansas mowing machines in muddy fields and thus save the wheel crop. But this question naturally arises, how came the beer legs in Kansas?

The elasticity of the law was never better illustrated than in the Thaw case. First the lawyers for the defendant argued him insane to save his life and now they are seeking to establish his sanity in order to obtain his freedom.

PENALTY OF QUICK LUNCH.

Never Coplan of Newberry, N. C., has practically no stomach at all—just a mere two inches left of what in the day was one of the finest stomachs in North Carolina.

Now does Mr. Coplan fret and worry and refuse to be comforted. He does not! He goes right on living and having a pretty good time.

But, being stomachless, he has to handle the food problem differently than other humans do. When eating a meal he must choose easily digested food, and he must stand all the time he is eating. He takes a spoonful at a time, the meal extending over two hours.

Our correspondent in Newberry does not tell us what Mr. Coplan's stomach on the bank heap, but more than likely it was an early formed habit of quick eating. We have an idea that quick eating of meals can do more toward separating a man from a stomach than anything else.

All quick lunching is not done during the noon hour. Some of it crops up in the morning when grabbing a bite-and-hustling-for-the-car is a favorite breakfast sport. And, too, the evening meal is often eaten on the same mile-a-minute program.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Coplan is getting along without a stomach we are still in favor of the old plan—one good healthy stomach to every man, woman or child.

THE INVENTOR.

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but war is the father. The present conflict has brought forth an army of amateur Edison and Marconi with devices that would stagger even the wizards of science. The schemes that have been advanced to the war office of England and France alone would fill a book.

The latest, proposed by an ingenious Frenchman, is to train dogs to hate the sight of German uniforms and bark whenever it sees a German. Then he proposes to organize a corps of these dogs, strap a revolver upon the head of each with a chain strap connected with the trigger. When the dogs see or scent a German they will point at them with their noses and bark. Such bark means a volley of shot and they will continue firing until the automatics are exhausted. The inventor could not see the peril to his own forces that might arise if 100 of these armed dogs could find a fox on his hind quarters and commence gnawing at it.

Scientifically less scientific is the plan of an Englishman who appears at staff headquarters with his great idea. He wanted to train falcons so that whenever they sight a Zeppelin they will fly above it, descend upon the bags and claw holes in its covering, permitting the gas to escape and wrecking the airship.

Quite as clever was one who donated his scheme to the war office and went away much pleased at their thanks. His plan is to put an end to the submarine warfare by fitting all the sea around England's coast with hemp fiber. This, he explained, will twist itself into the propellers of the submarines until they are helpless, after which it will be an easy task to capture them on the surface.

An admirably simple and practical plan to annihilate the German army has been forwarded from York. The inventor suggests charging torpedoes with an explosive mixture and allowing them to creep into the German trenches. As the Germans esteem the torpedo highly as food they will capture them and turn them over to

the cooks. The moment the torpedo is placed in boiling water the chemical with which its body is charged will form a gas and explode. He explains naively that the iron kettle will furnish the fragments to kill and wound, and that, coming at meal time, the destruction will be greater.

Meanwhile the sturdy German is relying upon the prospect of practical ingenuity to win his battles and cripple his enemy.

THE NEW FUR INDUSTRY.

Have you ever heard of fur farming? Do you know that the propagation of fur-bearing animals will some day grow into a great industry? And can you imagine where this industry is going to be? In Alaska, of course.

Fourteen years ago James York started farming on Seward Island, off the southern coast of Alaska. He started with 28 pair of blue foxes; today he has between 70 and 100, and he has made his living in the meantime.

By an executive order in 1914, the secretary of commerce was given authority to lease certain islands in central and western Alaska for the purpose of fur farming. The minimum lease price set was \$200 per annum per island. Since it requires from \$1,000 to \$4,000 capital to start a successful fur farm, only a few men were able to enter the business at first. Now the government is considering the question of making the leasing conditions more attractive, lowering the price and extending the time of lease.

The government tells us that one of the most successful island fur farmers in Alaska is Andrew Groenold, who lives at Sand Point, on Pigeon Island, where he has a trader's post, and hires reliable men to look after his fur farms. Groenold has leased six islands, has between 700 and 800 acres and he "hans" nothing else!

On the mainland of Alaska, a different method of fur farming is carried on. On the islands the foxes are allowed to range freely, the natural water boundary preventing their escape. On the mainland the corral plan is in use. Successful corals are large, and each contains a comfortable house of two stories, the lower part compact and tight, and the upper part open at both ends, where the foxes can lie in good weather and sleep with plenty of air and sun. Care and experience are necessary in fur raising.

During the summer the foxes are fed once a day, on smoked salmon or other fish. Bear meat is also occasionally used, but no salt food. In winter they receive frozen fish.

SUPPRESSING A JINGO.

For a number of weeks Count Ernst von Reventlow, naval expert, has denounced Germany with opinions and criticisms through the Berlin Tageszeitung. On many matters what he had to say was of real value but, like our own Richardson P. Hobson, Count von Reventlow is a Jingo of extreme sort.

When the torpedoing of the Lusitania strained relations between this country and Germany the reference of the German press was marked. The gravity of the situation was recognized and, just as did the newspapers in this country, the German papers forbore to urge action. Von Reventlow, however, feeling himself privileged because of his nobility and his standing as a naval authority, began a campaign of anti-American tenor intended to point the duty of the government to ignore America's protests against Germany's submarine methods and to inflame public opinion against the United States.

For a time the government, believing that von Reventlow's well known tongue would forbid his being taken seriously by the masses, permitted him to run his course. A few days ago, after a particularly violent letter, the Berlin government decided it was time to call a halt and an order went forth from the department of war suppressing the Tageszeitung.

Denials by government officials that von Reventlow's attitude was the attitude of the government though published in every paper in the nation, would not have had the effect on public opinion that the suppression of this single Berlin newspaper had, both at home and abroad. By that single act von Reventlow is disgraced and whatever he may say or do in future the people will know is but his individual opinion and not the government speaking officially.

By silencing von Reventlow, although the means employed would not be tolerated in America, Berlin has also given evidence of being inspired by a conciliatory spirit toward the United States, a most hopeful sign that the present difficulty will be satisfactorily adjusted.

Photographing Bullets.

Moving pictures have unlimited possibilities apparently for the study of rapidly moving objects. An apparatus capable of making pictures at the rate of 100,000 a second has been made. With it seventy-two pictures of a revolver bullet were taken while the bullet moved ten inches. Pictures of a bullet passing through a stick of wood showed a curious condition. The bullet passed completely through the stick and was well on its way before the wood gave any signs of distress; then some tiny splinters started out, following the bullet, the stick began to split, and after the bullet had passed, at some distance the stick suddenly fell to pieces.—Chicago Herald.

A Costly Dinner.

Emperor Charles V. in the 16th century borrowed 2,000,000 florins from a rich resident of Ghent, and after giving his promissory note dated with the burglar, who tore up the note in recognition of that great honor and had it presented to Charles on a plate. Present day Flinders is serving few 2,000,000 florin dinners.

HEALTH TALKS

William Brady, M.D.

The Weir Mitchell System.

In one sense the Weir Mitchell treatment for obesity is pleasing to the average fat person—no exercise is necessary. But on the other hand it restricts the patient to a skimmed milk diet, and even whole milk is hard enough to live on.

The patient goes to bed—that is easy for any fat person. The diet is gradually cut down, skimmed milk being gradually increased, until at the end of a week the patient gets nothing but skimmed milk and encouragement. Meanwhile massage and Swedish movements are applied systematically, with the purpose of enabling the circulation to carry off the oxidized waste material.

Under this regimen the patient may lose half a pound or more per day. The heart and kidneys are carefully watched throughout.

In some cases a small quantity of beef, chicken or oyster soup is allowed to relieve the monotony of the diet.

The patient is kept in bed—has a trained nurse—for about ten days or two weeks. After that the liberty of the room is granted, but most of the time must be spent holding down a lounge.

THIS IS THE LIFE.
Massage is performed once or twice a day at first and the Swedish movements are added later on.

After four to six weeks of this delightfully lazy existence the diet is gradually enriched by the addition of lean meats, fish, etc., though four or five glasses of milk must still be consumed by the victim each day.

Dr. Mitchell taught that so sudden a loss of weight would be serious if the patient were walking about, but when at rest in bed there is little fear of heart trouble.

THE UP AND—

Kindly state your column in The Argus how one can increase the weight. I am a girl of 20, five feet

five inches tall, and weigh 108.
Answer—Send name and address on a stamped addressed envelope. No room available for lengthy reply in this column.

THE DOWN OF IT.
Will you advise a woman of 35 how to reduce? She weighs 240 and feels almost ashamed to go out in public.

Answer—See above, and watch for more to follow. Supposing you are six feet and three inches tall, you are none too stout.

WHAT IT IS AND HOW RELIEVED.
I have suffered for years from chronic catarrh. I have tried everything that has been recommended for it without any relief. Will you please suggest something to help me?

Answer—For a stamped addressed envelope we will send you a neatly typed letter of advice, telling you what it is and how you should obtain relief—but we have no sure cures, remember.

WHAT? CHILBLAINS THIS FINE WEATHER!

There is one painful subject you have not as yet touched upon in your column, I think. Chilblains. For goodness' sake tell us what to do for it.
Answer—Wrong. We touched upon it lightly (as befits our habits) Nov. 19, 1914—a day ideal for the subject. But if you will send the oft-mentioned Stamped Addressed ENVELOPE, we will repeat some of the precious sentiments of the article for your special benefit.

COME, DENTISTS, BE GAME.

My dentist insists that there is no help for pyorrhea alveolaris (Rigg's disease), and you say there is help for it. Is he, or are you, or am I wrong?

Answer—Why does not your dentist refer you to a consultant who specializes on certain kinds of dental work? If he cannot help you he ought to be able to refer you to a specialist who can, or maybe he should consult with your doctor.

ILLINOIS AS AN OIL PRODUCING STATE

Illinois held its own in 1914 as the third state in the union in the production of petroleum, with a total of 21,919,749 barrels, according to the statement just made public by the United States geological survey, which compares the statistics in cooperation with the Illinois state geological survey. This was a decline of 1,744,189 barrels compared with the output in 1913, but it indicates a notable improvement compared with the decline of 16,455 per cent of the previous year and tends to confirm the opinion that the state has passed the stage of rapid decline in the production of its present oil fields and has entered on a period of settled production with gradual decline, subject, however, to fluctuations resulting from the discovery of new pools.

The average price was \$1.16 a barrel, a price that compares favorably with the average of \$1.26 a barrel in 1913 and is notably higher than the average of \$0.851 a barrel in 1912. The total value of the Illinois production in 1914 was \$25,428,179 at the wells, exceeding the value of the 1913 production, which was \$20,000,000 barrels greater, by more than a million dollars.

Stocks of Illinois petroleum increased during the year from 8,242, 421 to 12,562, 742 barrels, 2,660,000 barrels less than at the end of 1912. The increase resulted to a great extent from the overstocking of refineries ordinarily handling Illinois petroleum with crudes from other states.

Field activity in Illinois in 1914 resulted in the completion of 1,579 wells in 21 counties. Of these wells, 1,162, or nearly 74 per cent yielded an average initial daily oil production of 33.75 barrels a well. Twenty-eight were gas wells.

The total number of wells recorded as having been drilled for oil in Illinois prior to January 1, 1915, is 24,266, of which 4,120, representing 12.3 per cent were successful.

The shallow-sand fields of Cumberland, Cole, Clark and Edgar counties proved attractive during the year on account of the relatively low cost of completing wells at depths of 400 to 600 feet. The yield of individual wells, though less than five barrels a day, is fairly steady, and where a number of wells can be pumped from one central power plant operation is profitable.

The deep-sand fields of Crawford and Lawrence counties continued to yield the bulk of the state's production, from sands lying at depths of 800 to 2,500 feet below the surface. In Lawrence county, the richest oil-producing producing area of the state, considerable impetus was given to otherwise routine developments by the completion, on April 6, of a 3,100-barrel well in section five, Dennison township, where previous test wells had been either light producers or barren. This gusher, in which the oil sand was penetrated at a depth of 1,835 feet, was the forerunner of much active work, resulting in a substantial eastern and southeastern addition to the productive area in Lawrence county. Because of this development the production of the county in 1914 showed no appreciable decline from that of 1913. In Washington county the 36 productive wells in the Allendale pool at the close of 1913 were increased by seven in 1914, with no material extensions of productive area. For 1915 a thorough test of the area lying between the Allendale pool, on the south, and the newly proved extension of the Lawrence county field, on the north, is proposed.

In Clinton county developments in the Carlyle pool, three miles northwest of Carlyle, opened in April, 1911, resulted in the addition of two product-

ive wells whose output was insufficient to check the gradual decline in the pool's production. At the end of the year there were 154 active wells in the field. In Marion county, in the Sandoval pool, which was opened in the summer of 1909, six productive wells and one dry hole were drilled in 1914. A slight decline from the production of the previous year was noted. In all 118 wells were productive in this pool on Dec. 31, 1914. In Macoupin county three productive wells, with a total initial output of 15 barrels a day, and one dry hole constitute the year's developments in the Carlinville field, the daily production of which is now less than 100 barrels. In bulletin 28 of the Illinois state geological survey, issued in 1914, is described a structural dome presenting conditions favorable for petroleum prospecting in southern Macoupin county, northwest of Stanton.

As the result of a showing of five gallons of oil at a depth of 425 feet in a well completed March 5, 1914, in section 20, Lamotte township, prospecting for oil in western McDonough county received an impetus which resulted in the discovery of a new oil pool remote from the other productive localities of the state. The initial well of the Colmar or Plymouth pool, about three miles northeast of Plymouth, was completed April 20, and had an initial daily production of 75 barrels of light gravity oil from a sand encountered at a depth of 417 feet. The attractive combination of fair yield, shallow depth, and low cost of drilling resulted in a rapid development of the pool, which proved to be of small area extent and comparable in many ways with the Carlyle and Sandoval pools. Geographically the Colmar oil field lies near the crest of a low, well-defined anticline or arch affecting Paleozoic strata, the uppermost of which exposed on the crest of the fold comprise limestone beds assigned to the St. Louis and Osage groups of the Mississippian series. The productive formation of the pool is described by the Illinois state geological survey in bulletin 23 as a sandy limestone that is doubtfully identified with the lower part of the Devonian or the upper part of the Silurian system, and the oil, which is unaccompanied by gas, is reported to be green in color, to have a gravity of about 37 degrees Baume, and to contain only a small percentage of sulphur. The finding of oil in this locality is of especial interest, because of previous recommendations, in a report on the geology of the Colchester and Macomb quadrangles, prepared in 1913 by a geologist of the United States geological survey in cooperation with the Illinois state geological survey.

In St. Mary's township, Hancock county, a few miles west of Colmar pool, one oil well with an initial daily production of 45 barrels was completed in September.

The following table shows the production and flow of oil in Illinois since 1905:

Year.	Production.	Value.
1905	181,084	\$ 116,561
1906	4,397,650	3,274,818
1907	24,281,972	16,432,947
1908	33,486,238	22,649,561
1909	30,898,329	19,788,584
1910	32,142,262	19,669,339
1911	31,317,038	19,734,328
1912	28,601,868	24,382,605
1913	23,893,599	30,971,910
1914	21,919,749	25,428,179

Lark.

It would just be some men's luck, after they had saved up for a rainy day, to lose their rain checks.—Judge.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

"No bees buzzing near Mr. Mann."—Probably Mrs. Mann has had the porch screened.

"Bathing suit with skirt made extremely short is popular."—Headline. With all men and some women.

St. Louis buller-maker fell off the Centerville avenue bridge the other day and escaped unhurt. Next we may expect to hear of him as a movie picture hero with a \$2,000 a week salary.

MR. Mumm of Scott county has just taken unto himself a bride. Here the outlook seems to favor a quiet, happy home life.

SOUKHOMLINOFF, who has resigned the Russian war portfolio, may have done so in order to enter the wrestling game, in which there is easy pickings in America these days.

CONFESSIONS OF A FAT MAN.

If a fellow comes up to me and says, "Old scout, you're looking thinner!" It tickles me clean to my fool, fool soul.

And I ask him out to dinner.

I lie to myself, for in my heart I know I'm getting fatter—

If I fell off the Woolworth Tower, Great heavens, how I'd splutter!

On a hot June night when my chest chokes up

And my heart begins to stutter, Fear grips my throat and I swear off From beef and beer and butter.

But when day comes mine obese brain, Consulting with my tummy, Backslides and makes some fat remark

Like, "Who would be a mummy?"

By night I suffer and hate my fat, By day I grin and bear it; Though fatness seems an affair of the flesh,

It starts in the blooming spirit.

I kid myself and I lie to myself, But I stick to beef and butter; If I fell into Vesuvius, Good heavens, how I'd splutter!

—New York Evening Sun.

SOME one has advanced the happy idea that it would be proper to change the location of The Hague peace palace to the farm of a well known Nebraskan who recently resigned an important job in Washington.

TEXAS boy with no arms is determined to become a lawyer. But how will he be able to sway the jury?

THE Boot and Shoe Workers' union has titled the salary of Vice President Lovely from \$2,100 to \$2,500 per year. Perfectly lovely.

"MOTHER Jones rebukes women who won't fight."—Headline. But who knows of a woman who will not fight?

The Pants Survive.

A young man by the name of Verbeck, who rides a motorcycle, was passing along the road when he met an automobile driver who was in distress. The motorcycle man stopped, and when asked to lend a hand gave freely of his time. He was unsuccessful, however, and it was decided to have the motorcycle tow the auto into Prospect. More complications preceded themselves, as neither the auto driver nor the motorcycle rider had a rope to tie the two machines together. The automobile man solved this problem by taking off his pantaloons and using them for a tow rope. The owner of the auto rode in the bus wagon into town, and on account of the darkness it was not noticed that he was a pair of pants. The motorcycleist towed the machine to the residence of the driver by way of back streets, and here he unloaded the machine. The pants used as a tow rope were not dismembered by the operation.—Freeport Bulletin.

IT is announced that New York is at last to have a neutral daily newspaper. One look at the names of the enterprise is sufficient guarantee of the fulfillment of the paper's mission. Here they are: Hugo Schweitzer, president; Emil Kipper, vice president; Henry Weiss, secretary, and Max Stoehr, treasurer.

SEVERAL alienists have come forward and declared that Harry Thaw is sane. As many more, and of equal professional standing, can be depended upon to give contradictory testimony. That's what causes ordinary folk to lose faith in human agencies, further convincing them that the dollar will accomplish anything.

THE German submarine blockade is held responsible for keeping another title at home in England. Hon. Bobie Boreston, instead of following the example of his brother, Lord Decies, who annexed an American fortune, is to marry an English girl.

Ain't It the Truth!

Superintendent and Mrs. E. S. Spangler, also W. H. Duffie and daughter May, attended the big annual dinner at the county home last Tuesday and Ed and Ham ate so much chicken pie they grew like a rooster ever since. They report such a good time that "Chat" has had the blues 'cause she didn't get to go. We've made up our mind 'tis better to be born lucky than rich.—Carthage Republican.

Vassar is to have a class in journalism next year. As two of the instructors we nominate Elizabeth Thompson and Lillian Russell.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Colonel Bunker—By M. Quad.

"I was just thinking, huh," said Colonel Bunker as he sat looking out of the window—"I was just thinking of an incident in my early career as a duelist. In fact, huh, when this thing came about I had not yet drawn my rapier on the field of honor. In the southern town where I first hung out my single as a lawyer were a dozen gay bucks of young men, and I was one of them.

"We were sports, huh. We rode, we gambled, and we swaggered. We talked about our honor, and we took no advice from our elders.

"It was a wonder we kept clear of the duello among our own selves, for we were hotheads. But destiny had something laid up for us, and at the proper time we learned what it was. When a dapper little man dropped into the town one day and gave his name as Professor Mayne and explained that he was something of a naturalist he had no idea that his coat covered destiny.

"It was about a week after the professor's arrival, and none of us young blades had made his acquaintance yet when six of us sat on the tavern veranda of a summer's evening arranging a fox hunt, when the stranger appeared among us, and, looking directly at me, he asked:

"May I have the honor of asking your name?"

"I gave it as Bunker, of course.

"Bunker? Bunker?" he repeated. "Did you evah spell it with an H?"

"Suh! Suh! What do you mean?"

"Was the name originally Junker?"

"Egad, huh, the man was deliberately insulting me!

"I always thought I carried things off very well for a first time. I raised my hat, handed him my card and turned away. He received it with a bow and also turned.

"There you were, huh—there you were! A duel for sunrise was arranged for within an hour, and I was a hero.

"Could a professor of natural history handle a rapier like a young buck who was always at it?

"No, of course not, and I should play with him. Should I kill or only wound him? That question could wait and he settled after the blades had crossed. The most I had to fear, as my friends told me and as I firmly believed myself, was that he professor would either send an abject apology or sneak away during the night. He did neither, however.

"We talked the matter over, and all the bucks thought I ought to run the professor through the heart, and thus at once establish my reputation, but I decided that a wound that would lay him up about six weeks would do.

"It was only when the word had been given out and our blades had

crossed that I found out I had caught a tartar. Why, huh, the professor made me look like 15 cents! He disarmed me twice in 10 minutes. He could have killed me during the next five, but he stayed his hand.

"At length, after humiliating me for the best part of half an hour, he picked me in the shoulder and I was out of it. I wept bitter tears as the surgeon dressed my wound. The young bucks didn't know what to make of it, but agreed that they must find excuse to challenge the professor until some one had landed him.

"Egad, huh, they didn't have to go hunting far for excuses. He brought them along and laid them at the feet of those who waited. He stopped Dick Bascomb on the street and politely said to him:

"Suh, nature has made a mistake in your case."

"What do you mean, huh?" asked Dick.

"That your nose is screwed on crooked."

"Suh, you must answer for this insult!"

"Yours to command."

"A second duel, you see, huh, and with the same weapons. I wasn't there to see, but they told me that he made a bigger monkey of Dick Bascomb than he did of me. When he had made a show of him long enough he gave him the point in the same shoulder he had me and walked away whistling.

"We had a sensation in that town now and for 50 miles beyond it. The professor had made two victims and was liable to make others, but there wasn't much feeling against him nor much sympathy for those who had felt his steel.

"Joe Beaumont was to be his third. It was rapier again. I rode to the grounds to see the duel. Joe went at it from the first like a butcher with a long knife and was disarmed every other minute. He got so made that he cried like a boy.

"It was the same old story—wounded in the same shoulder.

"Three smart bucks. Three duels.

"Three arms in three stings.

"Three of us trying to explain why it wasn't the other fellow who was pinked.